AGALAXY

POETRY

Briana Williams

It is in your soul, I see the stars.  
Inside every crevice, a galaxy shines.  
Its darkest parts arise in your scars.

Scavenging through tragedies of all kinds,  
It is in your eyes, I see the sky.  
What turmoil this sight takes on your mind.

Through those dark downpours you quietly cry,  
It is in your body, I see the forest,  
Solemn and eerie, indestructible and high.

Your fervent spirit expels a stardust  
And violently fights behind its eroded bars.  
You believe the autonomous war is just.

I yearn this battle does not take you too far.  
For the moments are lifetimes without your stars.